

THE HERALD OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

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To hasten the coming of the Golden Age when Love and Righteousness shall reign upon Earth—by endeavouring to promote universal benevolence, by protesting against all social customs and ideas which hinder its advance, and by proclaiming obedience to the Laws of God—*physical and moral*—as a practical remedy for the misery and disease which afflict Mankind.

To plead the cause of the weak, defenceless, and oppressed, and to deprecate cruelty, and injustice, and all that is opposed to the true spirit of Christianity.

The Members of The Order are pledged to seek the attainment of these objects by daily example and personal influence. They are divided into two classes—*Companions and Associates*—the former being abstainers from flesh, fish, and fowl, as food; the latter from flesh and fowl only.

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The Coming Emancipation.

There has not been, probably, any period in the history of mankind, when such great issues were pending as at the commencement of this century. We



are privileged in being incarnated during this time of transformation, awakening and enfranchisement; and in having the opportunity of 'working together with God' for the world's betterment, by apprehending the signs of the times and the Divine purpose, and by dedicating ourselves with full assurance of faith to the great task of hastening the beneficent Reformation of thought and custom that is soon to be accomplished.

A Day of Emancipation is at hand — of deliverance from paralyzing superstitions, from soul-blinding and

debasement of customs, and from many forms of error and ignorance which are productive of sorrow and misery.

Too long has our race suffered from the consequences of the Fall which took place when our forefathers stifled and suppressed the inner voice of the soul that would have led them in the path of gentleness and humanity, purity, and health, and permitted the priestly class of past generations to bind across the eyes of their intuition the swathing bands of irrational theology and dogmatism.

By thus following blind guides instead of the 'light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,' mankind has fallen into the ditch of fetishism, self-worship, disease and materialistic unbelief.

By seeking to save themselves in body or soul, by the suffering and death of others, instead of by purification of the individual life and sincere quest after wisdom, men have steeped the world in bloodshed, animosity, cruelty and darkness. And the soul-vision of God's 'highest creature,' has

become so dimmed by blood-stained food and sanguinary religious ideas that the *letter* is preferred to the *spirit*, the *form* to the *substance*, the *material* to the *spiritual*, and unscrupulous self-seeking to brotherliness and Christlike beneficence.

A culmination of degeneracy has been reached, for truly did Edward Maitland speak when he said "In the hands of the priests of science, the Fall has been carried to a depth unreached even by those priests who were guilty of the Inquisition. In the systematic organization of torture, wholesale, of creatures keenly sensitive, harmless, and defenceless, for ends merely physical and purely selfish, the lowest depth has been reached of man's lower nature. For there is no conceivable beyond. The climax of selfishness and utter negation of love, the legalised practice of Vivisection, constitutes the extinction in man of all that makes humanity.

"And so depraved has become the spiritual consciousness of Christendom—so called, for its once veneration for a humanity which for its unreserved *self-sacrifice* in love for others was accounted divine—that not one of all the Churches called 'Christian' has, as a Church, raised a voice in condemnation. But, with a handful of individual exceptions, they and their members have stood by, ready and eager to accept for themselves whatever benefits might accrue, heedless of the awful cost, both in suffering to the victims and in moral degradation to the tormentors.

"Heedless, too, of the hideous blasphemy of the creed to which they were giving consent. For that to which they thus committed themselves is the belief that the universe is so perversely constructed that good is to be got by doing evil; that it is lawful to seek one's advantage regardless of the cost to others; that the morally wrong may be scientifically right; and that divine ends, such as the art of healing, are to be attained by infernal means such as the practice of torturing."

From this sleep of death, this moral unconsciousness, resulting from centuries of carnivorous and false conceptions concerning an imaginary God who required to be appeased with the blood of countless bulls and lambs, until, wearied with such holocausts, He demanded the sacrifice of the most perfect specimen of manhood whom the world has seen, an awakening is taking place.

The shadows are dispersing; the hideous nightmare of a bloodthirsty Deity whose imagined characteristics and demands have been supposed to justify blood-thirstiness and

blood-shedding on the part of man, is passing away, never to return; and the dawn of a rational, humane, and universal religion—even such as Jesus taught—is apparent.

Instead of an inexorable and heartless God—a veritable Moloch—being upon the Eternal Throne, as taught by the *priests*, men are beginning to feel and know that the Judge of all the earth is a loving Father who pities the creatures whom He has made “like as a human father pitieth his children,” as taught by the *prophets*. And consequently He is ever ready and waiting to forgive their shortcomings without asking for burnt offerings or sacrifices (concerning which Jeremiah distinctly declared that He gave no commandment whatever). For “He remembereth our feeble frame and knoweth that we are but dust.”

And when religion is divorced from superstition and false dogma, and has become re-united to reason, science, and common-sense, (from which she ought never to have been divorced), human souls will no longer walk in the darkness of foolish credulity, or drift into illogical agnosticism and blind materialism.

A rational system of religious beliefs will commend itself to thoughtful and practical minds, and such will be the esoteric Christianity of the future—a Christianity based upon the mystic fundamental verities, spiritual, mental and physical, which underlie all natural phenomena and all the great religions of men, and upon the three weightier matters of the law—Justice, Mercy and Understanding—which were emphasised so strongly by the great ‘Master’ who came into the world to bear witness to the truth.

And the Coming Day of peace and happiness, health and purity, life and power, will follow in due course.

Thousands of human souls in the western world who are famishing for the bread of life, for knowledge concerning the path to a higher experience and the ‘great peace,’ for religious conceptions that can satisfy their reason and their spiritual hunger after the divine, and for practical ideals of Christian service, are being illumined by clearer vision of things both earthly and heavenly; the eyes of their understanding are being opened by the Spirit of Truth—as foretold by Jesus—and their lives are being consequently transformed as by a divine touch.

To such, life has a new meaning, the grave loses its terrors, and death becomes an incident in the soul’s endless career. And the possibility of human emancipation from bondage, fear, transgression, discord and disease, by means of individual and collective effort on the part of man to work out his own salvation in trustful dependence upon the aid of the indwelling Christ, becomes clearly apprehended.

The obligation to aid and uplift others who are less favoured then becomes realised, and a life of helpful ministry is the natural result of right understanding of those physical and spiritual laws which, by the aid of such faculties as we have at present developed, we can comprehend. And when the mind is illumined with heavenly wisdom all narrow-minded dogmatism and harsh judgment disappears, for the more we *know* about human evolution and physical inheritance the better do we *understand* human frailty, and the better we understand, the more freely do we find excuse for all who come short of our own advantages and ethical standards.

This twentieth century emancipation is to be an all-round affair.

The apprehension of Truth, will, as Jesus declared, set men free, and the more comprehensive becomes the vision of the great realities of life, the more complete will be the liberty that is achieved.

It will include the down-trodden and oppressed women who are at present fulfilling the function of motherhood under appalling disabilities which make their lives almost a form of martyrdom; the over burdened toilers in the slums and factories of our great cities who perish for lack of air and sunshine and opportunity to obtain health-giving recreation and culture; the ill-begotten and neglected children of the streets who are so hopelessly handicapped even from infancy; the millions of poor ignorant men and women who through want of knowledge concerning the poisonous nature of foul air, rotting and diseased flesh-food, and strong drink, are wrecking their bodily constitutions and condemning themselves to the surgeon’s knife or to premature death; the multitudes of ‘slaughtermen’ who are being debased and brutalised by their dreadful work of killing animals incessantly; the countless host of armed men, who, under present conditions are pledged to slay and be slain at the bidding of the War God; and last, but not least, the myriads of the sub-human races who are being done to death to gratify man’s lust and vanity and whose travail and pain in all parts of Christendom cry to Heaven for intervention.

For these *and many more*, is emancipation drawing nigh, and it is our privilege to hasten the advent of the coming Era of peace and wisdom and happiness, which will result from clearer understanding of the Divine Will as revealed in *Nature’s Laws* and by prophetic messengers, and from realization of the universal kinship of all living beings in virtue of their common sentience and common dependence upon the omnipresent Spirit of Life. And in due course we shall enhance the possibilities of the coming generations, by wiser statesmanship that will not allow depraved, unfit, diseased, and half-insane humans to breed like vermin and curse posterity by reproducing degenerate human bodies *ad libitum*.

Who will respond to the Divine call for message-bearers who shall carry the Gospel of Emancipation into the homes of the despairing and needy?

Who will dare to go into the Divine Presence and humbly, but courageously say, “Here am I, Lord, send me”?

Who will seek that self-reformation and self-culture and higher wisdom, which alone can fit the children of earth for the work of drawing living water from the Fountain of Truth and for bearing the sacred vessels that contain it to the lips of the thirsty ones who are ready to perish?

Who will lay reputation and love of ease and worldly ambition upon the altar of Service, and attempt to fulfil the Divine command “*to break the bands of wickedness asunder and let the oppressed go free*”?

Angels might covet such a mission and such opportunity for rendering beneficent help to those whom the Christ called ‘His brethren.’ But such a ministry is for *us* if we will have it so! And such Service will bring ample reward—in the form of spiritual advancement and soul growth—to those who minister thus faithfully.

This high privilege of becoming prophets to the nations of the twentieth century may be *ours*!

And upon our individual decision may depend, not only our own destiny, but the future welfare of thousands yet unborn!

Sidney H. Beard.

Mysteries of the Unseen.

Zocrates used to say that we *knew* all the truths of life, and that we only needed *reminding* of them to bring them into our consciousness.



It may be equally true that we could *see* most things if only we would open our eyes.

Hardly a day passes but I am more and more conscious that there is a gallery of wondrous pictures hung around me; that there are hosts of living beings walking the ether that surrounds me; that there are processes going on close beside me upon which momentous issues hang; that if I could only

lift up my eyelids and gaze with seeing vision, the great responsibility that surrounds all life's actions would be manifest.

We are like babies gazing into the great world around, but gazing with eyes that see nothing and have no intelligence.

The mother may be in tears or smiles, in sorrow or in joy; she may be living or be dying. The house may be shaken with an earthquake, or about to be destroyed by fire. The surroundings may be the haunts of crime, or the sanctified bower of saintliness, the new-born babe looks out on it all with wondering eyes which see little and understand less.

If only we could open our eyes and see, what dangers and sorrows might we not avoid!

Was it not Siegfried who forged the conquering sword, who slew the dragon, who tasted the beatitude of love upon the mountain top, but who was blind to all the forces that surrounded him.

Was it not Siegfried who touched by chance his eye with the black blood that smeared his hand—the blood of the dead monster—and who saw suddenly the truth of things?

With a shock he saw that the dwarf was an enemy of evil to him, and that he was surrounded by powers for good and for evil, which, all unknown to him, had been either helping him or sucking away his strength.

I would that the chance reader who picks up this page would go into the nearest slaughterhouse he knows and take some of the blood from the dying beast he will find there, in lonely anguish, and anoint his eyes with it, and perchance his vision will be transformed, and a new power to see what is going on in the mystic unseen world will be vouchsafed to him.

For there are ghouls abroad. Not the old ghouls that gibbered senselessly to frighten people, but ghouls that prey upon the higher parts of man, in the same way that cancer cells or consumption germs fasten upon his physical body and fret it unto death.

Where fear is, and brutal agony, and where death blood is being poured out, they abound and breed and multiply.

Upon battle-fields the unseen air is thick with them—there they crawl and batten as thickly as the blue bottles that cluster and breed their maggots. Around the hangman's hand they gloat, and in the Inquisition dens of infamy they used to swarm.

Like the amphibious monsters of the rotting rivers, these ghouls, at one time, touch the ether waves alone and revel in the vibrations of hate and malice and strife, at another time they come closer to the material, and in the exhalations of fresh-drawn fear-tainted blood they wallow and feed.

Go into the slaughterhouse and touch your eyes, like Siegfried did, with the black-red blood of the dying ox, and look around and shudder for the curse that is brooding low upon the air.

Science has demonstrated that the animal is not one, but a mass of million lives bound *into* one. That every muscle stria, every blood corpuscle, every nerve cell, is a living entity, and that all are united together by the mystic silver cord into one organism.

When this cord is violently loosed, the bond of allegiance is broken, and the protecting aegis is lost, and like stray chickens to the prowling cat, they get seized by the vampire lives that hover round, and so, on violence and blood these parasites of the other side prey.

If Science has taught us one thing more than another it is that Nature has no vacua. This is as true of super-physical as of physical. It is as true of the higher spheres as of the lower.

Wherever the essentials of physical life exist, there lives of lower or higher degree are soon to be found.

You may have a devastating fire which will destroy every living thing for far and near. Only wait a little while, and in some marvellous inexplicable manner myriads of lowly lives will spring up and pave the way for higher ones to follow.

Where the conditions necessary for physical life exist, we know by experience that physical lives *do* exist.

From our knowledge of the continuity of the great Cosmic plan and the symmetry of method which dominates the whole, we may be well assured that the laws which govern the physical are but the counterpart of the laws which govern the spiritual.

We may, therefore, be equally well assured that where conditions essential for the existence of spiritual lives exist, these lives *do* also exist.

Where cruelty and terror and agony co-exist with the pouring out of fresh life blood, we get the elements necessary for the most loathsome and deadly of these forms of life.

And in the shambles they breed and multiply, and thence they go forth to pour the exhalations of their breath and the poison of their emanations upon the human race that dwell around.

And men wonder whence come those thoughts of evil and those joys in what is corrupt, and those longings for what is foul.

If only we had the open eye we should see how from slaughter-den and abattoirs these slime-bred monsters pour, and how they hover and settle on many a fair mind and smirch it with their infectious poison.

The sanitary officer, trained in physical dangers, knows the potentialities for physical evil of the abattoirs and slaughterhouse.

The time will some day come when our spiritual Teachers will possess the seeing eye, and then, like a revelation, it will come upon them that the spiritual infections proceeding from these dens of cruelty are so great and so deadly, that they will demand, with an insistent claim, that for the welfare of the human race they must be swept away for ever from the land.

Peter Davidson.

THE DAWNING OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

Oh, man, whom God's own hand hath given,
The likeness of Himself divine,



Who to the lofty power
of heaven
Hath fallen heir for one
brief time,
Why peerye into yawning
space
And search through years
to come,
The golden reign of God's
own grace—
The age when nations
shall be one?

Why dost thou stand and watch the tide

Of centuries, as they roll and break,
Their crest upheaved and crimson dyed,

The gore of battle in their wake?
As long as men shall idly wait,

Some peaceful power, heaven-born,
To banish war, and blood and hate,

And usher in the golden morn—
So long shall battle rule and sway,

Aggression's bloody sword shall reign,
And low ambition find its way

Into the hearts and souls of men.

He gave the choice of good or ill,
Implanted in thy mind and soul;

To thee He gave a sovereign will,
The sacred birthright of control

O'er all the earth and all it yields,

Wings of the air, and beasts that trod
From snow-capped mounts to verdant fields,—

This is thy heritage from God.

To thee, and only thee, He gave
The image of His Spirit form,

A soul to culture or deprave,

A conscience, vigilant, to warn.

In thee alone the power lies

To rein those passions well bestowed,

To rend the galling chains of vice,

To choke the seed ambition sowed.

Look to thy soul, and live each day

Unbridled passions to assuage;

Each man who conquers self makes way

For the dawning of the Golden Age.

Guy B. May.

Conquer your foe by force, you will increase his enmity;
conquer by love and you will reap no after sorrow.

BUDDHA.

✱ ✱ ✱

All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity, and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable?

AMEL'S JOURNAL.

Quo Vadis?

"Man as yet is *being made*, and ere the crowning age of ages,
Shall not aeon after aeon pass and touch him into shape?
All about him shadow still, but while the races flower and fade,
Prophet eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade."

What a wonderful thing it is to see the small seed



dropped into the earth, and then after months of patient waiting watch the golden grain gathered into the garner: what a lesson in Beauty it is to watch the little drop of dew glistening in the morning sunlight hanging upon the cheek of a tiny blade of grass "which through the bursting bosom of the earth" has crept up to kiss the light: how mysterious a thing it is to catch the snowflake and as it trembles into tears in your hand to remember that the sun will take even it back again whence it came: how wondrous a thing it is to scent the clover field,

and then to taste the honey made by those master builders of the hive: what a beautiful thing it is to contemplate the origin of the silk thread, and then to see the sun painted butterfly flitting from flower to flower: but what is there so wonderful, so mysterious, so awe-inspiring as the growth of life through those myriad forms far below, simple, unicellular, almost structureless, right up to the most complex organism which has just awakened to the consciousness of an immortal destiny?

I think of the amoeba, and then of that divine culture which, in the perfect stillness of a summer's evening, watching the ever deepening crimson, and blue, and gold, of a gorgeous sunset, feels that God is near: I think of the medusæ, and then of that inner communion in the soul of man which always transcends "the imperfect offices of prayer and praise." I think of the minute diatoms, far, far below at the bottom of the ocean, and then of that dawning upon the human soul of the Christ-consciousness with its inseparable self-sacrifice and love: I think of the polyps and then of those heights of development, where under the mystic spell, thought goes from you and your whole life for the time being *is* blessedness and love: I think of the humble little rotifer and then of that point of growth where we find the Kingdom of Heaven *within* and know that it is the centre whence all things which are eternal spring.

Ah! Reader, if I learn anything from the contemplation of things round about me, and of subtle powers within me, I learn this, that the great Cosmic Architect is at work upon a prodigious, a glorious task, and that when we have arrived at that stage when wisdom, conscious and sub-conscious reasoning, are ours, and have been linked with that purity which sees God, then we, too, can share in the building of the mightiest temple ever raised from the dust.

Oh, to realize

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

I know of no greater service in the world to-day than that of striving to free human society from those evils which are hindering the evolution of our manhood or womanhood *toward this higher life* which is at once sublime, comprehensive, and Divine! All who rejoice in the thought of a life work which is to help to "touch him into shape," (as Tennyson expresses it) must remember that "the pile" can never be completed until in our midst there is a broader and a juster brotherhood—a brotherhood which will not sanction cruelty in any form, which will not allow unnecessary suffering to be inflicted at any cost, and which is real enough to see in the slender thread of life which pulsates through the winged children of the air, and in the gentle patient service rendered by the four-footed dwellers on the earth—in both, objects worthy of our protection and of our care. If our conceptions of life, of Christian service, and of human obligation are not big enough and broad enough to embrace sub-human as well as human, then we are of necessity a very long way down in the scale of evolution, for there are thousands who are to-day taking a much *higher standard*, and who will have neither beast nor bird destroyed in order that flesh-eating customs may be upheld, economic questions kept in *statu quo*, or selfish desires gratified.

The time is coming when the cause of the defenceless sub-human creatures shall echo and re-echo throughout this and other lands—when every heart and hearthstone shall know of this great pathetic tragedy in our midst, when men and women everywhere shall be brought face to face with it and there and then realize that amongst the many customs which are keeping the Race back, which are preventing men from finding the Kingdom of Heaven within themselves, and which have to be abolished, *the killing and eating of the beautiful gentle races which God has created stands first condemned*, and calls for the greatest effort, the truest self-denial, and the most unselfish service on our part, with a view to its abolition, if we are to rise to the noblest heights of Manhood, and ultimately attain unto an Immortal destiny.

The heaven is steadily at work. By pen, by voice, and by that subtle force called "influence" we must pursue our way; stating our case with no uncertain voice, we must back it up with that irresistible faith which compels men to accept the possibility of *all of us* living out a much higher standard in matters of diet.

Then the time will come for a band of men and women fearless of consequences, and loyal to the highest conceptions of life—men who have seen visions and dreamed dreams—to go through the country aflame with Truth and Love, awakening the conscience to the fact, writ large in the Heavens, that all this shedding of blood and all this destruction of gentle, defenceless life is hindering our evolution and making still more remote the age when the mighty pile upon which God is ever at work will be complete.

For such a mission as this, men are being silently and patiently prepared. Already some are faithfully buckling on the armour in anticipation of what they know, by true prophetic intuition, is to come. Already prophet eyes have caught "a glory slowly gaining on the shade." Already some have seen the mountain tops touched with the mystic dawn of the New Day, and are preparing body, soul and spirit for a greater service for God and Humanity.

In many a life divine patience, tremendous faith, and fearless conviction are daily gathering strength and power,

and one day God Himself will throw back the flood gates and let loose upon the land the waves of a mighty sea of humane thought which shall break down the barriers of custom, prejudice, and vested interests, and which shall never be checked until the *rights of the animal races* have been lovingly recognised, and their harmless useful lives cared for and protected by all.

Then — ? Aye, what then? Who dare say! Verily would a mighty impetus have been given to soul growth and to spiritual attainment.

To begin with, the rebuilding of our cell tissue everyday with blood made from food which has in it nothing of the tiger or the ape, would in time completely transform our physical organism.

Then the supplying of the brain daily with energy freed from those elements which make the animal life what it is, would quickly change, strengthen and purify our mental powers; and by thus thoroughly cleansing the physical temple of all that makes it gross and tends to defile it, the body would gradually become more ethereal, more subtly allied to the spirit within, and ultimately become the perfect channel through which the "Water of Life," which is "for the healing of the nations," may flow freely from the Higher Intelligences to all those round about us.

When this has been achieved, *and it shall be*, what a bound upwards and Godwards there will be within us all! Then the esoteric meanings of life will be revealed to us. Then the mind purified and exalted will see beauty, order and law, where before only ugliness and chaos reigned. More perfect, and still more perfect will grow the mighty pile. Guided ever by the Invisible Hand, the human building will grow slowly but surely out of the Human into the Divine, until touched into shape God at last adds the dome of our being, and far up right at the summit of this perfect structure, man will see the Cross glowing with the Rosy Light of the Golden Age, which, with its White Rose promise of an Immortal Life, shall stand throughout the ages as the symbol of

"That one far off divine event

To which the whole creation moves."

Harold W. Whiston.

A good man is a strong man. He has laid the foundations of his character upon a rock.

ANON.

Get rid of the idea that *you* are going to heaven, and you will get rid of the idea that someone else is going to hell.

LYDIA B. BELL.

Humility does not consist in thinking poorly of our nature, in thinking meanly of the spirit that God has given us, but in so lifting our eyes to God and to the heights of our nature that we think truly of ourselves.

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

It is the act of an ill-instructed man to blame others for his own bad condition; it is the act of one who has begun to be instructed, to lay the blame on himself; and of one whose instruction is completed, neither to blame another nor himself.

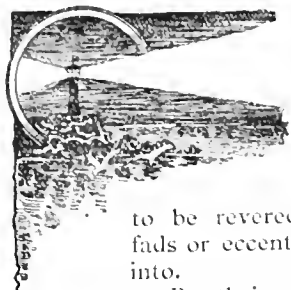
EPICETUS.

What is the secret of religion, do you ask? It is the same as the secret of any truth of life. It begins just where you are to-day. Fidelity, honesty, purity, truth—you can have no religion without them, any more than you can have any life at all that is worth the name without them.

HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

The Outlook.

Few things strike me more forcibly than the heritage of crankiness which has fallen upon the vegetarian movement.



The great souls who first dared to tell the world that meat-eating should be abandoned were beyond criticism. Their enthusiasm, their self-sacrifice, their absolute loyalty to their ideals were enough to make them men to be revered and respected, in spite of any fads or eccentricities that they might have fallen into.

But their successors were not always so great, while the cranks whom the movement attracted continued ever numerous and generally obtrusive.

To-day wherever I go, I find the great *principle of Food Reform* is looked upon as of great importance, but the word "*Vegetarian*" is everywhere looked upon askance.

* * *

KINDLY TOLERANCE.

I hardly wonder at this when I think of the strange things that have at various times been advocated under the vegetarian flag.

* * *

THE PSYCHICAL MOMENT.

Happily the world has its psychical moments, and for Food Reform the day has come to do great deeds.

The vegetarian movement has had its mission, and it has done a great work. It has proclaimed the powers of the penny and the possibilities of cheap feeding.

It has given to the poor the knowledge that peas and beans and lentils may replace their old beef steak, and it has made the "living on 6d. a day," and the "three courses for 6d." a part of the common stock of the age.

* * *

THE GRATITUDE OF THE POOR.

This it has done, and much more, and the poor should always gratefully remember the message of economy and health that the vegetarian societies of the land have brought to them in the little mission halls and slum clubs of the metropolis and elsewhere.

* * *

THE EATING OF THE BEST.

But there is now a New Mission abroad. A New Mission in harmony with the needs of the New Century. It is a mission which does not preach "the cheapest," but proclaims "the best."

It is a Mission which leaves untouched those blocks of people who care nothing for quality but demand mere bulk for their money. It leaves untouched those classes who care nothing how or whence their food is obtained so only their stomach is strongly stimulated. It has no message for those who believe that there is a soul in machinery or that paper societies will mould character.

* * *

A GATHERING IMPETUS.

The Order of the Golden Age has an independent mission, and a new mission, and one which is picking up an impetus as it goes, until even already one stands astounded at the influence it is wielding upon the

minds of men who are moulding contemporaneous thought and consequently shaping the future of the empire.

* * *

THE EVOLUTION OF PITY.

There is a primitive element of pity in even the lowest savage, and the measure of the development of this virtue of sympathy is the measure of the evolution of the individual and of the race.

To those who have passed through the lower stages of their age-long training, and have attained to that stage wherein, as Fenelon said, the love of the self is folded round and enwrapped by the love of the race, and wherein the cost of pleasure obtained, is weighed beside the burden of pain inflicted, and wherein the selfishness of stomach-worship is repented of in the contemplation of a groaning creation—to these and to these above all other the message of the New Mission of Food Reform comes as a voice from the great within, and in simple humility each listener bows his head and takes his pledge that from henceforth no products of the slaughter-house shall stain his mouth, and no carcases from the shambles shall pollute his stomach.

* * *

THE READY CONVERT.

There is no question in such minds about "lack of proteid," nor any quibble as to "what will become of the animals," but a simple upward look to obtain assurance of the origin of the voice, and then the quiet resignation of acquiescence.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

To such there is no need of a mechanical society's bond or a committee's decree. Such converts are ready and willing to work, and to do all that in them lies to carry on the message that they have received.

The Order gathers in those whose development has fitted them to understand the message whenever and wherever it is spoken to them.

They must have in themselves the answering string of high-strung pity for all that can sorrow and can suffer, so that the moment the Order, through its representatives, speaks to them and says,

"Flesh-eating is not necessary, Flesh-eating necessarily involves dreadful cruelty,"

they will at once reply, "Then we will not eat flesh any more, so long as the world endureth."

* * *

ENTHUSIASM.

But such men and women may no longer sit still. Their eyes are opened, and with a great horror they see the part they have been playing in the dreadful tragedy of animal life. These things shall not go on any longer, they cry, and they are constrained by a force from within to take up their part in the battle of the Order against the cruelties of life.

* * *

FRUITARIAN.

To distinguish the converts of the Order from the members of all other societies, and to enable these toilers to work in this great harvest-field, free from the handicap of a name which smacks of faddism, the Order has elected to use the words "Fruitarian" and "Fruitarianism" and to discard as completely as possible the words "Vegetarian" and "Vegetarianism," for the latter words are the property of different organizations whose aims and methods are not the same, and whose sphere of work is amongst a different class of people.

* * *

GREAT PIONEERS.

If I were asked to name two of the millionaires to-day who have devoted themselves with the simplicity of children to the good of their employes—Not men who have clamoured ideals on platforms, but men who have

brought kinship into their dealings with their people—Not men who have tried to force foolish schemes at the point of their gilded donations,—but men who have created round them an atmosphere of affectionate loyalty by the sound simplicity of their ideas and the gentle humility of their deference to their fellow workers, I should be inclined to point to Mr. Cadbury and to Mr. W. H. Lever.

Men widely apart as the poles in character, in habits, in tastes and in religion, but identical in the great essentials of simple honesty, affectionate love for all who work under them, and absence of all that domineering arrogance which is the mark of the ill-bred plutocrat.

* * *

BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES.

Mr. Cadbury's name will ever be associated with the village of Bournville, which is an attempt to found a perennial spring, from which ideal villages will

be produced for all time.

Mr. Lever's name will ever be associated with a triumph of art over nature and the production of a village gem of artistic beauty from out of a waste and barren morass.

Both men are building for posterity and it is these men who have just shown their graceful care for the physical well-being of their people by purchasing some 5,000 copies of the latest booklet issued by the Order—The Guide to Fruitarian Dietary and Cooking—and presenting a copy to each of the inhabitants of Bournville and Port Sunlight!

* * *

NO STAIN OF BLOOD.

It is a splendid thing to think of. You cannot have ideal villages without ideal villagers. The presence of a slaughterhouse would bring a stigma upon either

Bournville or Port Sunlight. So far they neither of them have one, and if I mistake not, Mr. Cadbury and Mr. Lever are both men of such artistic tastes and gently humane sentiments that they will both recognize that the ideal village should be one that is free from the taint of blood and the agonies of slaughter.

* * *

THE FUTURE DECISION.

They have taken the first step, a gentle preliminary which will make their villagers *think*. The time will come when the question will come up to each

of them, "Shall I let one of my artistic houses for the purpose of slaughtering animals in it? Shall I bring into my beautiful village the weary burden of the footsore herd, moaning sadly towards their doom? Shall I teach my villagers to wield the deadly axe and sharpen the cruel steel, that the lives of these gentle creatures shall be violently torn from them beneath the aegis of my care? Shall I allow the little ones growing up in my schools to peep in at these deeds of blood and butchering and unlearn there all the lessons of humanity that my teachers have taught them?"

I think that Mr. Cadbury and Mr. Lever will both answer when the time comes, "This thing shall not be. We will try to retain humanity as well as beauty in our handiwork."

And there will be great joy in that world which looks on and which sorrows for a creation which is now groaning and travailing in pain in order to supply a mere stomach luxury for men.

* * *

NEW COUNCILLOR.

The Rev. Charles A. Hall, of Paisley, has just been elected as a member of the General Council of the Order.

By this widening of the platform of the Council we are gaining for our tenets the ears of thousands of people.

Lay Members are writing in the columns of the Press and on public platforms, but our ministers (to whatever denomination they may belong), have a regular audience whose minds are prepared to be swayed by the views of their pulpit teacher.

NEW LITERATURE.

I have no little pride in pointing out that during this past month The Order has printed THIRTY THOUSAND pamphlets and that it expects to print at least *twenty thousand more* during the current month! When anyone asks what is being done by The Order the above will afford a convincing reply.

The Order, too, believes that a pamphlet in a cupboard is a double waste, and therefore this great pile of literature will not be stored up in cobwebs and oblivion and doled out in single copies at a time, but will be rapidly spread over the world, and its place taken by ever new and newer works.

The Council is doing *its* part. Will all readers and all members do *their* part too?

Have you had your parcel of literature for distribution this month? If not, please send your half-crown at once to the Secretary, Order of the Golden Age, Paignton, S. Devon, and either pick for yourself or leave it to him to select booklets and leaflets for you to circulate. But in any case don't delay. Send at once.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

From my pile of charming letters this month, all speaking of enthusiasm and of work attempted and of ideals aimed at; I select a paragraph from that of one who calls herself "old and dilapidated," but who is busy daily in working for Humanity, by writing and distributing literature.

She says:

As far as my power goes I hope to work even more earnestly while life lasts, in the cause of the God of Life and Love. It is for Him to bring success when He comes, but we may do some good—even more than we know. Yes, it is happy for us if we can lessen the suffering around us, even though it be but that of the tiniest and lowliest of creatures.

* * *

A GENTLE CRAFT.

Mr. Godfrey Blount, of Halesmere, Surrey, is going to try an experiment in wood carving on a new style and he would like to hear from any humanitarian craftsmen who are interested in the subject.

The school that he suggests would be conducted on Fruitarian lines.

The more that we can combine practical arts and science and agriculture and industries of every sort with our humane ideals the better it will be for all, but new experiments must be well and carefully thought out.

Those who wish to learn the details of the scheme should direct to the promoters of this Peasant Art Industry.

* * *

A SUMMER CAMP.

An interesting experiment in summer camping out for overtired gentlewomen is being tried this year in Essex.

Only Fruitarian food is being provided, and in order to meet the pockets of those who are not greatly encumbered with gold, it is being run on the simplest lines, with permission to each individual to spend more on any luxuries she may choose.

Yachting, cycling, reading, sketching, and lounging idly in the sunshine are some of the attractions which are offered.

All particulars may be obtained by application with a stamped addressed envelope to Miss Goodyer, The Hut, Latchingdon, Maldon, Essex.

* * *

BRING IN THE SHEKELS.

It is very rarely that The Order asks for money. It believes that those whose souls are filled with sorrow for the pains of life will give of the best they have, without being dunned.

Some will give time, some will give talent, some will give influence, some will give example, and not a few will give money, and these will give it generously, knowing that what they give for such a cause they still will have.

Money given to The Order is not money lost, but treasure banked and stored against the great day of account!

Money would be specially welcomed during the next month or two. The work of the year has been very heavy and the prospect of the coming autumn is immense.

Whether the investor sends his five shillings or his guinea or his five pound note or his cheque for a hundred guineas to the Executive Council to act as his trustees for its wise and careful use, or whether he chooses to expend it himself, it matters little. The only point is that *now* is the time when it is greatly needed.

The Provost will most gladly advise donors as to *where* the need is greatest and *why* the present is pressing.

All enquiries and donations should be sent to:—The Provost, Order of the Golden Age, Barcombe Hall, Paignton, S. Devon, and they will be duly and carefully acknowledged.

* * *

THE LONDON OFFICES.

I am glad to acknowledge the great kindness of those who have written encouragingly and generously on this point. The time is rapidly drawing near when The Order will have an important London Office.

Members must not think that this will mean moving from Paignton.

Paignton is the great Mecca of the movement, and the busy rush of work which goes on there the livelong day, and the increasing responsibilities and the growing staff will make it necessary ere long to erect there an ideal suite of buildings to be devoted solely to the work of The Order.

Mr. Beard has already built one artistic set of offices, but they are being rapidly out-grown, and now he offers a freehold site to anyone who will come forward and build offices worthy of The Order! Who will be the Carnegie to The Order?

* * *

A CYCLING VICTORY.

The Cycling "Derby"—The Race for the Carwardine Cup—was fought out on 28th June in tropical heat, but with an easterly wind, at the Crystal Palace.

Eight men started, and in the early stages the struggle was fairly exciting, though Olley (the fruitarian cyclist) made no frantic effort to get away, contenting himself with a place a lap behind. At the forty-fifth mile, Burgess and Dymond, his two chief opponents, were brought over by a pacing tandem, and though Dymond mounted again, after ten minutes, Olley was from this time some miles ahead, and keeping a very even pace of 26 miles an hour won easily by eighteen laps in 3 hours 48 minutes 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. He alighted in very good condition, though his last five miles had been covered in the quick time of 10 minutes 38 seconds. So he wins a £10 prize, retaining the £150 gold cup, and has now but once more to win to make it his own. He will shortly be defending his title to the historic Dibble Shield, which he won for the first time last year. The race will be on August Bank Holiday at the Crystal Palace. A large number of letters from our Press Department referring to Olley's victory have appeared in various newspapers and enquiries have come in to us in shoals. The victories of Olley, year after year, not only prove his wonderful vital power, but show too an immense recuperative capacity. It is here that our diet so far surpasses the stimulating but weakening flesh-foods and sooner or later the athletes who want to keep up their form for a number of years will adopt a correct Fruitarian dietary.

* * *

A WONDERFUL RECORD.

Mr. Eustace Miles has signaled his union with the Council of the Order by doing great things since his election upon it.

He has now won this year (1) The amateur championship singles at racquets; (2) The amateur championship doubles at racquets; (3) The amateur championship at

tennis; (4) The gold prize at tennis, beating Sir Edward Grey by three sets to one, 21 games to 12.

This is a splendid record, and I should like to see anyone who habitually weakens himself by the use of strong meats and drinks who can show me a similar record this year.

* * *

APPENDICITIS.

Mrs. Hunter, of Zetland House, Bridge of Allan, N.B., has sent me the following letter with a copy of the pamphlet mentioned. Having read the latter I have much pleasure in making known to our readers her kind offer.

"Will you kindly allow me to intimate to your readers who may be interested in appendicitis that I have translated a very lucid and sensible paper on the subject by Professor Lefèvre, of the Ecole de Havre; and shall be pleased to forward a *free copy* on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope (size 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.) or wrapper.

The case of His Majesty renders it more interesting at the present time, and I trust by circulating this seasonable pamphlet, to relieve many anxious minds, who may *avoid* the cause of this troublesome and dangerous malady."

All workers in the Food-Reform Cause should peruse this pamphlet as it contains valuable information. Those who abstain from inflammatory food and keep their blood in a pure and normal condition by abstemious living and healthy exercise need not fear appendicitis.

* * *

TRICHINIASIS.

This disease is one of the nastiest, most loathsome and most fatal of those which affect the human body.

To have tape worms in the intestines is enough to make one wish to get away to a cleaner body, but they at any rate can be got rid of, while trichinae, eating their way into the muscles and finding a home in the very tissues of man's pride and glory come to stay and come to make a man's beauty fret away and fade like to the garment moth corrupted.

Here is how the *Family Doctor* summarizes the report issued by the Health Committee of Glasgow:—

The Veterinary Surgeon to the Corporation, Mr. Trotter, points out that trichiniasis in man is more common in some countries than in others, its frequency depending in great measure on the thoroughness with which food is prepared. In Germany, for instance, epidemics are frequent and serious, owing to the eating of raw pork. It has been shown that trichiniasis is prevalent among swine, both on the Continent and in the United States of America. The importation of trichinised pork is not only a direct, but also an indirect menace to the public health, for it constitutes a danger to the swine of the country. Pigs fed on kitchen slops containing pork infested with living trichinae would readily become infested, and it is easy to conceive of such circumstances promoting the spread of trichiniasis, which might ultimately lead to an extreme prevalence of this most dangerous form of parasitism. Mr. Trotter therefore suggests that means be adopted to prevent the importation of infested pork.

* * *

THE HIGHER CULT ABSTAIN.

This is one way of dealing with it. Another way is to cook it properly. Many people will prefer to have steps taken to prevent trichinised pigs or pork being brought into England. They think it can be done, but Germany with all her inspection cannot stop the disease, neither can English vets. detect it nor stamp it out.

Where pork is eaten trichinised pork will occasionally be found.

Some people will be satisfied to cook their pig. They will eat *anything* if it is only cooked enough. Cancerous, or tuberculous, or fever-tainted meat is all one to them if it is only sterilized by cooking.

There are some, however, to whom, as to Moses, the pig and all its "dainty" flavours and loathsome possibilities will be anathema, and these, and these alone, can look with equanimity upon the dreadful word "trichiniasis" and know that though a thousand fall beside them, yet are they safe from the very possibility of infection from it.

This immunity and the cause of the immunity from *one* such disease gives the clue to the faith that is in us that the blessings of the ninety-first Psalm will come back in good time to earth and that it is the Fruitarians who will enter into the heritage of the blessed.

The Heavenly Vision.

An open Letter to Christian Ministers, by one of them.

My brother, I write you concerning some matters of grave moment to which I am sure you will lend me a sympathetic ear. We are the servants of the



Great Master, consecrated to His sublime ministry. We are therefore not our own to do as we like, but His to carry out His will. We are sent by Him to sow the seed of truth—those germ-thoughts that are born in us from the Divine, and which bring to the denizen of earth a share in the heritage of God.

There are few men who have taken up in earnest spirit the Cross of the Ministry and borne it as the inspired of God, who have not sooner

or later come to experience the manifold discouragements of the work arising out of its stupendous difficulties. To break up the fallow ground is no light task, and to prevent the rapacious fleeting things of life from destroying the seed sown is more difficult still.

Some Mighty Evils.

We are constantly facing and combatting many great evils.

Mighty are the iniquities that stalk through the land defying the sons of the Israel of God, and blighting the spirit of our best manhood and womanhood.

There is the insatiable desire for luxury in foods and pleasure, in excitements which lead to the cruel hunting of God's dumb creatures for their plumage, their coats, or their flesh. And this disease is eating into the very heart of society like a loathsome leprosy, till it has become difficult to live the life of simplicity and purity.

There is also abroad the damning spirit of gambling born of growing discontent and false cravings, whose breath pollutes the very house of God, blighting what is beautiful and killing the budding virtues of the young.

Then there is the awful curse of drunkenness which lies over the land like an Eastern plague, whose miasma has penetrated the Christian Temple, and whose deadly nature causes a holocaust of living souls.

These evils force us in our path of duty to witness the most tragic events in the lives of individuals, homes, and societies. What would we not do as earnest Christian Ministers to overcome these awful foes and slay their power? In our various ways we try to do something. We have protection circles galore—Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, Anti-Gambling and Purity Leagues, and in their way all these do some good. Then Philanthropy tries to stem the tide by its homes of refuge and shelter. But these do not stop the flow of the river one whit; they only gather up the wreckage it casts upon its bank. I have no doubt you have found it true in your experience as I have done in mine, that these efforts are largely abortive, that they very fre-

quently are only a beating of the air, that they cleanse no further than the hem of the polluted garment.

For a long time I have been much struck with this fact, that *the vast energies of the Christian Church are mis-directed, that they are put in motion against the effects rather than the cause, and that the cause is deep-hidden and only known to the few.* Diseases can be effectually dealt with only by reaching to the Cause and overcoming it. A temporary patching of leprosy will not cure the victim; restoration will become his only when his flesh is made whole. We shall never cure the awful moral diseases that appal us until we get at the root of them and remove it. We shall never get the Divine Spirit into men whilst an unclean spirit possesses them. We do not cast out the unclean spirit by mere limitations of movement or opportunity, nor by stifling its cry or restoring the wreckage. Yet that is about all we are doing through our manifold agencies.

A Question and an Answer.

The problem how to accomplish the divine end confronted me for years. Deeply impressed by the amazing vitality of evil I became still more confounded by the apparent impotence of the manifold Christian agencies to grapple with these maladies and overcome them. And I feel sure you have been similarly impressed. Surely it cannot for one moment be seriously doubted that if all the followers of Jesus Christ were true to their faith, lived up to their ideals, and strove to realize the Divine in themselves, that they would be all-powerful to drive back evil to its own place—the outer darkness—and bring about a reformed state of society! For the religion of Jesus Christ has within itself divine possibilities.

And that being so, one is forced to ask the pregnant question—*How is it that the Churches are so powerless to bring to earth the Kingdom of God?* Time after time have I asked myself that question. For a while the heavens were silent. Then there came a day when the answer was given as if it were with the breath of a whirlwind uprooting and sweeping all before it. It came in language clear and forcible—

When the Churches of Jesus Christ become obedient unto the heavenly vision, then shall it be possible for them to realise within themselves that Divine Power which makes for victory.

The Heavenly Vision.

In response to the voice and message I was constrained to seek for a clearer and fuller meaning of the Heavenly Vision than I had yet attained. Before my imagination arose the Prophets one by one like morning stars, from Isaiah to Malachi, testifying to the same sublime truth that the Messianic Kingdom should be characterised by universal redemption in which the whole animal world would share. For in that day when "a King shall reign in righteousness, and Princes shall rule in judgment, and a man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," the whole of nature will be restored to its primitive conditions as described by the prophet in his glowing imagery:

"And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp; and the weaned child shall put his hand on the basilisk's den."

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my Holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

Following these brilliant harbingers there came into my vision the glorious Morgenröthe in the rising of the Christ-life. As I read the Angels' song to the Shepherds I found its burden to be "*Peace on earth and among men goodwill.*"

And as they sang I saw the subject of all the heavenly glory lying in a cave, cradled in an animal's eating-trough, and thus beginning His life of beneficence and redemption in the midst of the silent, patient beasts of burden. The harmonious feeling of that song was present in all His life; and the Divine Aroma of Peace so manifest in the Cave He exhaled as He trod the highways of Judea and the bye-paths of Galilee. His Divine Pleroma flowed out in profound love for human kind and intense compassion for the sub-human world. I heard Him say that the little sparrow was cared for by His Father, and I was led to the conclusion that all sentient creatures have the care of God. I heard Him tell His disciples that they must be loving souls if they would be His, that they must be perfect even as His heavenly Father is perfect; and through this I was forced to the conclusion that He would not approve of our manner of living to-day, but would condemn with scathing judgment our treatment and use of the animal world. I saw the timid butchered lamb become the symbol of His own sublime manhood done to death by man's cruelty. I heard a voice saying that the lamb was the symbol of innocence, purity, gentleness, and the ox of patience, endurance, and service. Then there came through the ages a cry like the voice of many waters, saying,

"We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. For the earnest expectation of the Creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God.

For the Creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

The New Path.

"Wherefore, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." I could not be; I dare not be! In a new light I understood all these sayings of Paul. Henceforth from my Menu of Diet I was compelled by the Divine Spirit to strike out everything that brought pain and sorrow and woe to the sub-human world. I saw the creation suffering for men and by men. I heard their stifled sobs and beheld their great dumb eyes pleading for the manifestation towards them of that compassion which is a grace of the Sons of God. The vision revealed to me a great truth which I have had verified over and over again. It was this—that lying beneath all the grosser sins of the flesh, the religious materialism of the present time, and the spiritual blindness and consequent impotence of the Churches, was the low sinful and inhuman practice of flesh-eating. *For it is simply civilized Cannibalism.* Men are imbruted and women are stripped of their divinity not simply by drink and passion but by the carnivorous tastes that have long ministered to the senses of the body. The triumph of the shambles has meant the desecration of the human temple and the degradation of its high priest.

Oh, my brother! see you not this appalling evil, how it has degraded our race, and to what extent it has blinded the spiritual vision to heavenly things? And hear you not the dumb pleading of the beasts and birds for your consideration and pity and love? Can it be that you are blind to their travail in misery, and deaf to their groans of anguish?

Even as I pen these words a herd of sheep and oxen are being driven past my house by men who have lost all feeling and compassion. The drovers are cursing and swearing and yelling at the timid, frightened creatures as if they were driving back into the jaws of hell a legion of devils. The lambs are crying, the sheep bleating, the oxen lowing, but not as one is accustomed to hear them amid the pastures, for now the sheep groan with fear and the oxen bellow with terror. Those whom the little child may lead flee terror-stricken before the drover and the butcher. They seem instinctively to know whither they are going.

Where are they going, my brother? To the public and private abattoirs to suffer the death penalty which men's cannibal tastes have demanded of them—going to lay down their lives without hope or advocacy since men like you will not defend them, for they are dumb and cannot plead to the gross heart of men—going to pour out their blood that men and women may have pleasure out of their roasted flesh! And these men and women who have such pleasure in flesh meats, and who will not hear the throbbing pulses of the sub-human world that crave for pity and mercy, call themselves Christians!—followers of the Divine Master!—sons and daughters of the creating, compassionate, loving God!

Could there be a more diabolical misuse of man's kingship in the world?—a greater libel on the religion of Christ?—a more monstrous travesty of our Divine childhood to that Father who created all His creatures to rejoice before Him, whose compassion is so comprehensive that His tender mercies are over all His works, and who seeks to lift His children into His own life of love, mercy and compassion? *Our childhood to God is denied, our faith in Christ is killed, and our world-kingship is annulled by this awful traffic in animal life.*

My brother, hear you not the sigh of deep anguish and the cry of poignant sorrow which break upon our ears like the voice of that multitude seen by St. John under the Altar of God who cried—"How long, O Master, the holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?"

Listen with the heart and you *will* hear!

J. Todd Ferrier.

(Macclesfield Congregational Church).

Helps to Health.

A Series of Articles by Eustace Miles, M.A., Amateur Champion of the World at Tennis and at Racquets, Author of "Muscle, Brain, and Diet," "The Training of the Body," etc.

No. 5.—EXERCISE, AND SIMPLE USES OF WATER.

In the former articles of this Series I spoke chiefly of Exercise, which includes the use of the lungs. I also spoke of Physical Economy or the art of *not* exercising the muscles unnecessarily. I tried to point out that in daily life we need to guard our forces lest they should be wasted, and then, whenever we want to employ our forces, to employ them well—that is to say, often vigorously and briskly. I insisted that, if we trained our bodies to this well-directed and concentrated energy, our minds would be inclined to follow.

For the body is not—as so many assert—*merely* the clothing of the mind: that is sheer nonsense. The body is also the means of expression for the mind: it *is* the mind, or at least the mind as it used to be some time ago. We must not fall into the common error of certain Christian Scientists who assume that the body, as it is, must be an expression of

the mind, as it is. The body is slow to express the mind—some bodily results may not appear till years after the mental cause. Nevertheless, the health of the body and its genuine happiness are a real test of the health of the mind and the soul. When a clergyman pretends that the soul can be perfectly well while the body is dirty and full of unwholesome instincts and living a life with half its glorious senses atrophied, he talks drivel. 'By their fruits ye shall know minds and souls.' And the fruits of minds and souls are bodies. If we could make *all* our fruits good, then there would be little need (for all we know to the contrary) to devote vast masses of time to so-called religion—at least to that kind of religion which thanks God for blessings and asks Him for more. It is said that "the sacrifice of God is a broken spirit." This I don't for one moment emphasise. I believe rather that "a healthy body is thanks to God." We praise God not with our words but with our happiness, our love of life, our vigorous health and cleanliness. Then and only then are we a living gratitude to God.

In these articles I seem to be dealing with the fruits of the mind and soul, instead of going to the roots of the tree. Yet I am not wrong. I get tired of talks about the soul as the all-important; about holiness without healthiness; I get tired of preachers who need doctors; I get tired of shining 'spiritual' lights that can be puffed out by a few microbes; I get tired of them, I say; I want to see everyone, and the clergy in particular, physically vigorous like the Bishop of London—how I admire him for playing Lawn Tennis and Fives, and camping out with the troops! That's the kind of man who not only is but also appears healthy. He does not neglect his body.

Both vigour and cleanliness can be increased by the right exercise, which will help to eliminate waste products. That is one reason why energetic exercise demands clean flannels (with far more reason than energetic prayer or praise demands black clothing!), and demands a wash afterwards. It is a grand error to let the waste-products be reabsorbed by the skin.

Now much of the water in England is 'hard': it takes up less of the impurities of the system. It needs to be softened, unless (like rain-water) it is already soft. And for cleansing purposes it is more effective if it is warm. Soft and warm water has another use: it is soothing. A little oatmeal flour will make a great difference to the 'feel' of the water. After such water has wetted the body, then soap should be used, being applied perhaps with a not too rough hand-glove. The cleansing should be for the *whole* of the body, even while special care is paid more than once a day to the extremities, the hands and the feet.

Quite distinct from the cleansing function of water is the invigorating function. Whereas the warm water will open the pores, the cold water will close them again and make the skin firm to the touch. I take far more pride in the firmness of my skin after cold water than in the size of any of my muscles. My own practice is to clean myself with hot or warm water and soap, and then to invigorate myself with cool or cold water.

But this latter process need not be a violent one. Unless I am feeling particularly well, and sometimes even when I am, I prefer a cold sponging by degrees. I seldom take a cold plunge. It is at the base of the spine, over the chest, on the feet, and on the hands that I am most careful to apply the cool or cold shock.

At times I have one of Herr Just's sitting-baths. After warming myself, I sit with my seat and feet in a few inches of cold water for about ten minutes, while I massage myself—especially my abdomen—with my hands. These baths can be had in the open-air at Miss Houston's excellent little Open-Air Establishment at Broadlands, Medstead, in Hampshire. After the ten minutes I sluice myself all over with the cold water, and then get myself dry with my hands or by exercise.

Sometimes, again, I prefer the alternate hot and cold foot-baths (with two minutes for the hot and one minute for the cold) repeated three or four times.

The effects of these—which are only a few out of many treatments—is to equalise the circulation, if one uses them at the right times. Either coldness or inflammation may be gradually removed.

Then there is another very simple use of water—the water-pack or compress, which, if followed by cold water sponging, has the same effects—to eliminate waste-products, to equalise the circulation and soothe, and to invigorate. A wet towel or band of linen is soaked in cool or cold water, then wrung out, then put round the waist, let us say; then covered over with a blanket and tied up securely but not too tightly. After the first contact there comes a delightful calmness and warmth, which may produce sleep. After an hour or more the bandage is removed and the parts over which it went are rubbed and then sponged with cold water and then rubbed again. The whole-sheet-pack covering all the body except the head used to be freely employed; but now the general tendency seems to be towards local and partial treatments. I am inclined to think that local baths also will become more and more frequently recommended every year for those who are unhealthy, though an exception will be mentioned in the next article.

Eustace Miles.

The Return to Christ.

A wonderful new life is stirring in the hearts and minds of men and women to-day. It is the new revelation of the Christ.

For many centuries the death of Jesus has been emphasised. To-day the essential is the life he lived.

For many centuries men have sought to save their souls. To-day the watchword is service, unceasing and unselfish labour for the betterment of humanity.

Once men were frightened by the fear of hell, and warned against the temptations of Satan. Now they are inspired by the glorious possibility of heaven on earth, while Satan has been discovered to be human selfishness.

Once emphasis was placed upon dogma, creed, and ritual. Now, in these remarkable days of returning interest in the gospel narrative, stress is laid upon the spiritual life, the simplicity of Jesus.

Thus the great transformation goes on, and few are they who can tell how far the change will go or how quickly it will reach the hard-hearted and the intellectually cold.

The day of mere liberalism is passed. It is no longer in order for the liberals to hold love-feasts, and pat one another on the back because they have held liberal views for forty

years. To-day, the cry should not be, "Behold, how advanced we are!" It should be, "Behold, the harvest is plenteous, and there is no time for mere liberality."

Very soon the liberals will be the conservatives, unless they, too, begin to serve.

For the great movement of our time is the return to Christ, the social Christ, the Elder Brother whose gospel is the salvation of the poor, the oppressed, and the afflicted.

It is wonderful to see how many have felt this human touch, this new and practical Christ.

The critical onlookers say, "Oh, these men have gone back to orthodoxy: let them alone." But it is something far different from orthodoxy. They have gone back to the Spirit. They have grown weary of agnosticism and dry metaphysics. Their hearts are warmed once more. They have a deep longing to help humanity, and so human religion has taken the place of supernatural theology.

When a man feels the social touch he wonders how he could have spent so much time on matters of minor importance.

The day is coming when no man will be called a Christian unless he lives for humanity as Jesus lived.

Jesus was, above all else, a man of sympathy, of love. He freely and promptly responded to any and all calls for help,—the opportunities which were closest at hand. He did not stop to investigate scientifically. He did not stop to argue. *He did something.* He gave himself fully and freely.

If you would be free, if you would be well, if you would be happy, get out of yourself, go and live and serve. Unselfishness is the only sovereign cure. The Christ life is the only free life.

Do not postpone the day. Begin now.

Do not go into a foreign field. Turn to your next-door neighbour or the oppressed people in your own town. Study the lives of your fellows. Ask why it is that some have no opportunity in life, while others hold the reins of power, grinding down and abusing their fellowmen.

Think on these things, then go by yourself and offer yourself to the Father. Seek the Christ spirit. Read the teachings of Jesus. And, having put your hands to the plough, do not look back.

H. W. Dresser.

Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,
If he's not born in thee, thy soul is all forlorn.
The Cross on Golgotha will never save thy soul,
The Cross in thine own heart alone can make thee whole.

F. Scheffer.

THE DIVINE LIFE.

What a glorious thing it is to know that God's love is ever around His children! that the currents of infinite, eternal life are continually forcing themselves upon us! that His mind, His will are freely offered to all who will accept and believe on His name! God imparts to man those powers that enable him to rise above the narrow limitation of flesh; those powers enabling him to establish the currents of divine life, which alone can endow him with the powers of the immortals, the gift of eternal life. Man sprang from God; he is literally a son of Him, who, by the power of a word, willed our earth into existence. The son cannot gain recognition from the Father, cannot obtain the powers of a son of God, until, through living a pure and holy life, he ceases to be controlled by his animal nature, and has been transformed from the human animal into a truly righteous, spiritual man, one in whom there is no guile.

The Esoteric.

Reviews.

"Legal and Illegal Cruelty," by Edith Carrington. Revised by W. R. Hadwen, M.D. Society for the Abolition of Vivisection, 23, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C. Price 2d.

This booklet is another most efficient weapon to add to the armoury of those who are waging war against Vivisection. It shows in the clearest and most unanswerable manner how unequal is the law of England concerning cruelty to animals, and demonstrates by numerous cases, quoted from Police Court records, that many punishments are inflicted upon the uneducated class who are guilty of maltreating animals, whereas highly educated men are permitted to deliberately inflict tortures which are far more agonising to the victims without incurring any penalty whatever. Every reader of this Journal would do well to send a few stamps for a copy of this pamphlet or to buy some and place them in the hands of thoughtful persons.

* * *

"The Gospel of the Holy Twelve." The Order of At-one-ment, 3, Evelyn Terrace, Brighton. 5/- post free.

This book is stated by the authors to be a reproduction of a version of the life and teaching of Jesus, preserved in one of the monasteries in Thibet, and now for the first time translated. They further state that it was communicated to them by Emmanuel Swedenborg, Anna Kingsford Edward Maitland, and a Franciscan Monk, named Placidus. In the preface they affirm that, "like all other inspired writings (but not necessarily infallible in every word) these writings from within the Veil must be taken on their own internal evidence of a higher teaching."

Whatever opinions may be held concerning the authenticity and reliability of this version, it will prove interesting, suggestive, and instructive to those who read it, and it will doubtless be appreciated and valued by many who are seeking for additional light concerning the historical Christ, whether traditional or otherwise.

Karmic Law.

The discovery, then, that there is no escape from the operation of cause and effect, neither mental nor physical, is a turning point in the progressive career of man; for the majority still persuade themselves that they will somehow be excused. Suffering is only necessary to bring us to a knowledge of the law, to bring us to a certain point; and it will persist until that point be reached. Our experience of to-day is conditioned by our past life. It is what we have passed through that alone makes it possible for us to stand where we are to-day. Consequently, what we do and think to-day will largely govern our experience of to-morrow and all future days. Fate has not decided everything after all; for it was by our own consent, unconsciously, thoughtlessly, and consciously, that we suffered. Our fate is that through our individuality something is bound to come forth, for the resistless power of Almighty God is behind it. Our freedom lies in choosing whether we move with progress or against it; for man may evidently continue to sin, to oppose and misuse the very power that would bless him, and to postpone the lesson which at some time and somewhere he is fated to learn. If then, in any case the result will some time be the same, it is a matter of economy to learn the real course of events as soon as possible, since the law of action and re-action is eternal.

Extract from "The Power of Silence."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Members and Friends are invited to send to Headquarters copies of any newspapers which contain articles, notes, or letters on the subject of **Fruitarianism, Cruelties of the Cattle Traffic, Diseased Meat, etc.**, so that the subject may be dealt with by the Press Department of the Order. To be of value such papers should be sent by the next post after publication.

* * *

Food-Reformers who write to the daily Press on the subject of Rational and Fruitarian Diet are invited to mention that enquirers and persons who are interested, can obtain leaflets, pamphlets and cookery books which contain useful advice on this matter, by sending to the Secretary of the Order of the Golden Age (enclosing a few stamps to pay postage).

* * *

The only official address of The Order of the Golden Age is **Paignton, England**, to which all communications should be sent.

* * *

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* * *

American and Colonial Friends will oblige by refraining from sending coins enclosed in letters, as the English Postal Authorities charge a fee of fivepence. Greenbacks, or postal orders, should be sent.

* * *

Readers of this Journal who are in sympathy with the ideals that are advocated in its pages, are invited to persuade their friends to become subscribers. Many more converts to the principles which underlie our Movement could thus be won.

* * *

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* * *

The cost of circulating the literature published by The Order in all parts of the world gratuitously, is met by the voluntary contributions of Members and sympathetic friends. No portion of the funds subscribed to The Order, up to the present time, has been used in paying for rent of offices, or for literary work—all that is needful in this way being provided by disinterested workers who have the interests of the Movement at heart.

Converts to the humane principles which are advocated by The Order are being made in all lands by means of the official publications, and many more could be influenced if the funds at the disposal of the Council permitted of a still larger circulation and distribution.

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